113, 773 RY3 Kamchadal RY3

(For complete translated texts of Kamchadal myths see 1: Jochelson, RY4 Koryak, category 116, pp. 327-340.)

l: Krasheninnikov N-5 (1736-40) 1764 Kamchadal

their victuals and clean their fiſh in bad weather; and the Coſſacks boil their ſalt from ſea water in them. The villages, which are well inhabited, having their common huts ſurrounded with theſe balagans, make a very agreeable appearance at a diſtance.

The ſouthern *Kamtſchadales* commonly build their villages in thick woods, and other places which are naturally ſtrong, not leſs than twenty verſts from the ſea; and their ſummer habitations are near the mouths of their rivers; but thoſe who live upon the *Penſchinſka* ſea and the Eaſtern Ocean build their villages very near the ſhore.

They look upon that river near which their village is ſituated, as the inheritance of their tribe; and if one or two families at any time deſire to live ſeparate from their native village, they build themſelves huts upon the ſame river, or ſome branch that falls into it; from which it is natural to imagine, that the inhabitants of every village have originally ſprung from the ſame father; and the *Kamtſchadales* themſelves ſay, that *Kut*, whom they ſometimes call God, and ſometimes their firſt father, lived two years upon each river, and left the children that river, on which they were born, for their proper inheritance; and though formerly the *Kamtſchadales* uſed only to hunt and fiſh upon their own rivers, they now wander above 200 verſts to kill the ſea animals upon the *Awatſcha*, or the *Kuriliſkaya Lopatka*.

CHAP.

6: Antropova E-4 (no date) 19 4 RY3 Kamchadal RY3

105 The Itel'mens believed in evil mountain and forest
[776] spirits, the sea-spirit, Mitg, good protecting spirits, etc. Anthropomorphic images of the spirits were usually made of wood.

[793] The central figure of Itel'men mythology was the raven-creator, Kutkh. But he was not held in esteem, and various comical and obscene stories were told about him.

[764] The bodies of dead adults were given to the dogs to eat; children were
[756] buried in hollow trees. The Itel'men shamans did not have any special clothing or tambourines.

[799] In the middle of the 18th century, the Itel'mens were converted to Christianity, but they continued to cling to their animistic ideas.

175 Information about the abundance of fur on Kamchatka received from Luka
648 Morozko and Atlasov attracted the attention of the tsarist government and the Yakutiyan governors.

A special official—a prikashchik—was appointed to collect taxes. The Kamchatka prikashchiks, who were virtually the full masters of the peninsula, often abused their power. In addition to the fur-tax, they exacted from the population great quantities of furs for their own enrichment. The predatory extermination of fur animals, and most of all, sable, sharply reduced the catch, and the Itel'mens were often unable to pay the tax in full. The arbitrary extortion of cured fish, "sweet grass" for wine-making, lily tubers, berries, cedar nuts, seal blubber, skins, and even sleds, boats and clothing, for the benefit of the tax collectors became systematic. In addition to all this, the natives suffered from exploitative trading and its consequences—debt slavery.

175 The Itel'mens' struggle against extortions and oppression expressed
648 itself at first in attacks on individual representatives of the tsarist govern-
669 ment and raids on the tax treasury. Large uprisings broke out in 1706, 1711 and 1731.

The rebellion of 1731 involved nearly all the Itel'mens. After its suppression, a special "investigating office" was sent to the area to look into its causes. The leaders of the rebellion were executed. Some of the officials were also punished.

[161] The quelling of rebellions by armed force and the arbitrary rule of the
[731] local officials reduced the Itel'men population. But the principal reason for the population decline was the epidemics of smallpox, typhus and other diseases which devastated entire districts. The remnants of the various
[614] clans could no longer exist independently and united into larger territorial
[178] units. Thus, instead of the former clan villages, new settlements sprang up, inhabited by members of various clans. New villages were also created
[728] by compulsory resettlement. Thus, after the rebellion of 1731, the inhabitants of the village of Klyuchi were resettled in Kozyrevsk; the inhabitants of Nachiki were moved there from the western coast of the peninsula.

175 The system of tax collection through the village elders and the develop-
648 ment of barter with Russians resulted in the accumulation of private prop-
556 erty in the hands of some individuals. As early as the 1730's, there were
426 toyons (elders) who lent sables to their kinsmen to enable them to pay their tribute, in exchange for subsequent work.

175 The economic condition of the Itel'mens did not improve in the latter half
648 of the 18th century. This was due above all to the system of tax collection and the tyranny of the local authorities. Taxes were collected, not from the present population, but according to lists, which included men long dead. The living thus had to pay taxes for dead relatives. Extremely onerous, too,
[466] was the imposition of the duty to transport numerous officials, as well as cargo, without compensation all over the peninsula. This took the men away from their occupations and condemned them to frequent periods of famine.

h: Jochelson E-5 (1900-01) 1908 RY4 Koryak
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XIV. — TALES OF THE KAMCHADAL.

Villages of Tighi'l, U'tkholoka, Ka'vran, and Seda'uka.

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131. Kutq and his Wife.*

It was in the time when Raven (Kutq) and his wife were living. Once upon a time he asked her to go with him to gather eggs. Raven's wife attached a bullock to her sledge, and started on the journey. The old man went afoot. The old woman drove her bullock for some time, when a Hare ran across the trail, and said to her, "O granny! let me have a place on your little sledge." — "Where shall I put you? You will break my little sledge." — "If you will not give me a place, I shall eat you some day." Then she let him get on, and said, "Sit down here at the back."

They went on, and met a Fox. "O granny! where are you going?" — "I am going to look for eggs." — "Let me sit down on your sledge, granny." — "Where shall I put you? You will break my little sledge." — "If you do not let me sit down, I shall eat you." — "Well, then, take your place here on the runner."

After that they met a Wolf. "Where are you going, granny?" — "We are going to look for eggs." — "Take me with you, granny." — "How can I take you? You will break my little sledge." — "If you do not take me, I shall eat you." — "Well, then, take your seat here in the front."

After that they met a Bear. "Take me with you, granny." — "How can I take you? You will break my sledge." — "If you do not take me, I shall eat you." — "Well, then, sit down in front, on the curved shaft."

They proceeded, and after a while the sledge broke down. The old woman began to cry. Then she sent the Hare for a good straight stick to replace the broken runner; but the Hare brought only a few willow-twigs. "Oh, you crazy thing! — Fox, you bring a new runner!" The Fox brought her only a few thin, half-broken boughs. The old woman grew angry, and sent the Wolf; but he brought an old piece of half-rotten aspen. Then she scolded the Wolf, and sent the Bear; but he brought a tree-trunk all hollow within.

Much as the old woman was averse to leaving her bullock, she had to go herself. While she was away, the Wolf and the Bear killed the bullock, and taking off the skin whole, without a cut in the abdomen, filled it with

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Kamchadal RY3

773 moss and leaves. They ate the meat themselves, and put the bullock in its
539 place, as if it were alive.

The old woman came back with the runner, and found all the animals gone, which pleased her greatly. She mended her sledge, sat down, and urged the bullock; but after she had struck it a few times, it fell down. The old woman jumped down and hurried to the bullock. Behold! there was only the skin filled with moss and grass: all the flesh was gone. The old woman began to cry, "Oh, the bad Bear! He killed my poor bullock."

She walked on in search of the old man. At last she found him on the shore of the lake. He had gathered plenty of eggs, and had eaten them all. "Oh!" said the old woman, "the Bear and the Wolf have eaten my bullock. I feel very unhappy. Give me at least an egg or two." — "Leave me alone!" said the old man. "I have not yet eaten my fill."

The old woman grew angry, and went to look for eggs herself. After a few moments she exclaimed, "Oho! I have found an egg." — "Whose egg is it?" asked the old man. "It is a swan's egg." — "Then it is a very big one," said the old man.

The next moment he exclaimed, "I have found an egg!" — "Whose egg is it?" — "An egg of a snow-bunting." — "Then it is a very small one."

After a while the old woman cried again, "I have found an egg!" — "Whose egg is it?" — "An egg of a black goose." — "Then it is a very big one."

Then the old man exclaimed, "I have found an egg!" — "Whose egg is it?" — "An egg of a woodpecker." — "Then it is a very small one."

"Well," said the old woman, "let us boil our eggs I am hungry." They dug some small round holes in the ground, put their eggs into them, and started a small fire all around the holes. They did this because they had no cooking-vessels. Then the old woman said to her husband, "Give me some of yours. Your eggs are small, I am sure they are done already." The old man refused. "Leave me alone!" he said. "You have eggs of your own, which are large enough."

Out of spite the old woman trampled on his eggs, and smashed them all. Raven cried; but the old woman took her eggs out of the hole, and ate them. Raven cried still louder, and asked her for some; but she gave him nothing, and ate all the eggs herself. Then she said, "Now, let us go home. Probably our children are crying for us."

She ran ahead, and found a small hut standing near their trail. She threw herself down on the floor, turned into a small child, and cried like a real baby. The old man came to the hut, and, hearing the cries of the child, pitied it, and took it in his arms. He soothed and rocked the baby, but it only cried the louder. "Give me water," it said: "I am thirsty." The old man gave it some water. "I do not want water! Give me some cold tea."

h: Jochelson E-5 (1900-01) 1908 RY4 Koryak Kamchadal RYJ

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The old man gave it some cold tea; but the child cried, "I do not want tea! Give me the lamp." In this manner the old woman fooled and worried her husband until he put the baby down. "Oh, you fretful thing!" he exclaimed. "I don't blame those who left you here alone by yourself." Then he was overcome by pity, and took it up again. He carried the child out of the hut. "Put me on the sod-bank!" cried the child. He put it on the sod-bank. "No, take me up again!" He took it up again. "Take me into the hut!" The old man entered the hut, and continued to coddle the child, for it was crying all the time. He was very angry with it, but had no heart to leave it alone. All of a sudden the old woman laughed aloud in his very arms. "Oh, you vermin! You have worried me to death!" The old woman jumped down from his arms, and fled. The old man was so tired that he lay down immediately, and fell asleep.

The hut, however, belonged to the Mouse people. As soon as the old man was fast asleep, a number of the Mouse people went into the hut. "Oh!" they said, "here is Raven sleeping in our hut. Let us play a trick on him. Who has a piece of red cloth?" — "I have!" said one small Mouse. "Then let us sew it firmly over Raven's eyes." When this was done, another Mouse said, "Now, let us tie a bag under his anus, so that his excrement will fall into that bag." They fastened the bag to him, and then awakened the old man, who looked around, and saw everything flaming red. "Fire!" thought he. "The house is burning!" He ran away frightened. On the way, however, he wanted to ease himself. He crouched and defecated; but when he arose and looked back, he could not see any excrement. "What a strange place!" thought he, and made another effort; but still he did not see anything on the ground. He was frightened still more, and ran home. When he came to his house, he saw that it was also flaming red. "Fire!" cried he to his wife. "Take your best son, and break his head against the wall. Put out the fire with this sacrifice." The old woman took one of their sons, and, striking him against the wall, smashed his head into fragments. The old man continued to cry, "Put out the fire! Our house is burning!" Then the old woman looked at her husband. "How now?" said she. "You have a red cloth over your eyes!" — "Oh!" said the old man, "this is a trick of the Mouse girls. They were sewing in the hut, and probably they have sewed this cloth over my eyes." The old woman scolded her husband. "Instead of bringing up my children, you only destroy them one by one."

The old man turned to go out; but the old woman said to him again, "You smell very bad. What is the matter with you?" — "Oh, my wife!" said he, "I do not know what has happened to me. I found a very strange place. After I squatted down and tried to defecate, I found nothing on the ground beneath. I will try again: perhaps it will be otherwise here."

He went out and tried to defecate; but when he looked down on the

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ground, there was no excrement at all. "It is some sorcery," thought Raven. "Let me go and call the old woman. — Come here!" he said to the old woman. "There is some sorcery about this matter. Let me try once more, and you watch me to see what is wrong." He took off his trousers and squatted down. The old woman saw the bag, and said to him, "Who fastened the bag to your buttocks?" — "Oh!" said he, "surely the Mouse girls played this trick on me." — "Well," said the old woman, "you have destroyed one of my children; now help me, at least, to bring up the others." — "I will," said the old man. "Now make haste and twist some snares. I will go and spread them to catch ptarmigan."

He went for ptarmigan, and, spreading his snares, soon caught a great many birds. Then he built a hunting-lodge, and lived in that place, without regard to his children. After a long time, however, he visited the old woman. She asked, "What luck have you had? Have you caught any birds?" — "None at all," he answered. "I am almost starved to death." The old woman gave him food, and then he said, "I will go and look after my snares. Perhaps a bird or so is caught in one of them." He went away. The old woman followed him. He was so busy with his snares that he did not notice the old woman. Finally she found the hunting-lodge, and, entering it, saw all the ptarmigan that Raven had caught. "Oho!" she said; "see how faithless the old man is!" She took a ptarmigan, plucked it thoroughly, and then instructed it how to frighten Raven. "Hide yourself," she said; "but when the old man takes off his clothes to go to bed, run out of your hiding-place, and imitate his actions. Repeat all he says, and follow him about everywhere." In this manner the old woman spoke to the ptarmigan. Then the old woman went away.

Raven came to the cabin. It was already dark. He brought a big bundle of ptarmigan, and placed his pot near the fire to cook his supper. The cabin grew very warm: so he took off all his garments, and sat naked near the hearth. All at once a ptarmigan jumped out of the darkest corner, and cried, "Karebebebe!" It began to run around, crying, "Karebebebe!" The old man was frightened. He said, "This is again some sorcery!" The ptarmigan repeated, "This is again some sorcery!" — "Oh!" he said, "it is a charmed ptarmigan!" and the ptarmigan repeated, "Oh! it is a charmed ptarmigan!" The old man ran away quite naked; but the ptarmigan followed close behind. He hurried to his wife, and rattled at the door. "Oh!" he cried, "open the door!" and the ptarmigan repeated, "Oh! open the door!" The old woman opened the door. "Oh, my wife! take a club!" — "Take a club!" repeated the ptarmigan. "Kill this charmed thing!" — "Kill this charmed thing!" repeated the ptarmigan. Then the old woman asked him, "Tell me, will you again eat all you catch by yourself?" —. "Nevermore!" cried Raven. "My lodge is full of birds. But please kill this awful charmed thing." The old woman seized a club and killed the ptarmigan. "I am afraid to go to the lodge,"

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said the old man. "Please go and get the ptarmigan." The old woman brought the ptarmigan, and they ate their fill.

Then the old man went to sleep. The old woman sat down at the window to mend her coat. In the mean time the Mouse girls came to the window from the outside, and went acoasting on their sleds past the window-sill. The window was darkened, and the old woman had not enough light. Then she cut off her nose, saying, "It is the nose that shuts out the light." But it continued to be dark. She had very thick lips: so she cut them off, saying, "My lips shut off the light." Still it was dark, as before. After that she cut off her cheeks; but the light was no better. At last she looked out of the window, and saw the Mouse girls coasting. "Oh, those Mouse people!" she said. "It is because of their tricks that I have cut off my whole face. I have lost my lips and my nose."

She sewed up a large bag, and came out of the house. The Mouse girls continued coasting. "Ah, ah!" said the old woman, "really you are very clever at this game. Now slide down all of you at the same time. I want to see who will be the first to come down." Meanwhile she opened her bag and spread it near the window-sill with its mouth upward. The Mouse girls slid right into the bag. "Now I am going to keep you in this bag till your meat is old enough to suit my taste," said the old woman. The Mouse girls cried, and begged her to set them free. They said, "We will bring you every kind of food that exists in the world for our ransom;" but the old woman was so angry that she paid no attention to their promises. She took the bag into the thick of the forest, and when she found a large tree, she said to it, "O tree! bend down your top." The tree bent down, and she tied the bag to its top. Then she said again, "O tree! raise your top;" and the tree stood straight again. Then she said to the Mouse girls, "Now stay there until your meat is stale. When it is ready, I will come and eat you." She left them and went home.

The Mouse girls were crying on the top of the tree. At last a fox heard their cries, and came to the tree. "Who is crying there?" — "We are crying, Auntie Fox," said the Mouse girls. "How did you get there?" asked Fox. "Raven's wife put us here." — "And how did she do it?" — "She said, 'O tree! bend down your top;' and the tree really bent down. Then she tied us to the top." Fox cried, "O tree! bend down your top!" The tree bent down, and Fox untied the bag and set the Mouse girls free.

The Mouse girls were very happy. Fox said to them, "Go and fetch plenty of moss." In a moment the Mouse girls brought the moss, and Fox filled the bag with it. She tied the bag to the top of the tree, and said, "O tree! stand straight again!" and the tree returned to its former position. The Mouse girls went with Fox, and lived in her house. Fox told them to go and bring her all kinds of things. "Now you have to serve me for a

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while. If it had not been for me, the old woman would have eaten you." The Mouse girls went pilfering everywhere for the benefit of Fox, and brought her all sorts of objects, especially a variety of food. Fox became quite well-to-do, and lived in affluence.

In two weeks the old woman said, "Let me go and look at the Mouse girls. Probably their meat is now just good for eating." Raven heard her words, and said, "Please take me along." She said, "Come along! I have there a big bag full of mouse-meat. I will give you some of it." They came to the tree, and she said, "O tree! bend down your top!" The tree bent down. But there was no meat in the bag: it was filled with damp moss. "Oh!" said the old woman, "I am sure Fox did this. I will go and kill her for that."

When Fox saw the old woman approaching, she hurriedly called the Mouse girls, and bade them bring plenty of alder-bark. Then she made them chew the bark, and spit the juice into a vessel. She bandaged her head with towels. She laid herself down on a bed. She placed close to her pillow a bowl of red alder-juice. Then she ordered the Mouse girls to conceal themselves, and began to groan like one very ill. The old woman entered. "Good-morning, little Fox!" — "Good-morning, grandmother!" — "Little Fox, why have you let all the Mouse people out of my bag?" — "Leave me in peace," said Fox. "I have nothing to do with this. This is the third week since I was taken dangerously ill." — "Oh, poor Fox!" said the old woman. "You certainly do look ill." — "It is true," said Fox. "See the blood I have lost within the last few days!" — "It is awful!" said the old woman. "Perhaps you will empty this bowl for me," suggested Fox. "It is really overflowing."

The old woman took the bowl and started to go. "Empty it into the river," said Fox, "from a place where the bank is the steepest. But mind you, while carrying the bowl, try to keep your eyes from looking behind you: otherwise you will become ten times more ill than I." — "No," said the old woman, "I shall not look behind."

She took the bowl and carried it away; but Fox stole along behind her. The old woman heard somebody following her, but was afraid to look back, lest she become ill. At last she came to the river, and, choosing a steep place, was about to empty the vessel. At that moment Fox pushed her from behind down the bank into the river. The old woman tried to swim, and cried, "Oh, little Fox! save me! I am drowning!" — "I will not save you. Why did you wish to kill the Mouse girls?" The old woman was drowned, and the Mouse girls were full of joy. They served Fox still better than before. They brought her edible roots of *Claytonia acutifolia*, and they all lived happily ever after. That's all.

Told in the village of Tighil by a Russianized Kamchadal.

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132. The Thunder People and Raspberry.*

Sŭ'na-ñe'ut had a daughter whose name was Raspberry[1] (Ăyanu'mlixčax). When she was full grown, the Thunder people came down and wanted to marry her. She, however, rejected their suit. Then they came down from the sky through the roof-entrance, and trampled on her. She became more considerate, and treated them with all kinds of roots and berries, everything that grows on the ground. That's all.

Told in the village of U'tkholoka.

133. Kutq and his Sons-in-Law, the Winds.*

Raven (Kutq) lived with his wife Miti'. One of their daughters was Sŭ'na-ñe'ut; the other one, Aña'rukla-ña'ut. One of their sons was Eme'mqut; and the other, Čiji'l-kutq. North-Wind (Yemı'hın) courted the elder daughter, and married her. Then clear frosty weather set in. It was so cold, that, when people walked about, blood would drip from the tips of their nails. Therefore Raven felt annoyed.

At the same time came South-Wind (Riri'un), who married Raven's other daughter. Then the weather grew milder. It began to rain, and it was damp and warm. Raven was pleased with the change. He argued, that, though his garments became damp, it was easy to dry them again; whereas the cold hurt the body.

Sŭ'na-ñe'ut was pregnant, and gave birth to a son. Her husband said to her, "While I am with you, there will be some clear weather in this country: when I am gone, you will live in constant dampness." Then he left his wife and went away. Immediately it began to rain in torrents. Dampness continued without cessation. All living things were starving, — men, beasts, and herds. Raven lost his eyebrows, which fell off because of the damp; and Eme'mqut, likewise, lost half the hair from his head. They had no food, and were starving. Sŭ'na-ñe'ut tried to sustain her mother with scraps of food that she gathered around their house.

One day she took an old skin of a ground-seal from their storehouse to cut a garment for her little son. When it was ready, she dressed her boy in it, and said to him, "Go to the country where your father lives, and try to find him. I shall stay with the other people, and we will wait for you: but perhaps we shall starve to death before you get back." The boy went in search of his father. In the mountain-passes near his father's house, he fell down from exhaustion. North-Wind's sister went out of the house, and

[1] *Rubus arcticus.*

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saw some dark object in the mountain-pass near by. She said to her brother, "You roam about the world, and tell us nothing of what you have seen. Perhaps you have left a son somewhere, and it is he who has fallen from hunger and exhaustion. Go, therefore, and bring him here." North-Wind brought his son into the house. They took off his seal-skin garments, and dressed him in a nice suit of soft mountain-sheep-skin. Then North-Wind's sister said to him again, "You roam all over the world, but you tell us nothing of what you have seen. Perhaps you have somewhere a wife who is starving without your help. Go, find her, and relieve her from want."

About this time Sŭ'na-ñe'ut went out of her house, and saw far ahead a faint streak of light breaking through the clouds. Then her husband and her son came to her mind, and she said, "There was a time when I had a husband. We lived, and had plenty to eat, and now we are dying from want." Miti' also began to complain, and said, "There was a time when we had a dry son-in-law who gave us dry weather. While he was with us, we lived in abundance, and had our choice of the best food. But this son-in-law of ours is good for nothing: he is rotten, and we rot with him." Meanwhile the sky began to clear, and a bright dawn arose above the horizon. The air grew drier, and at last North-Wind came. They had again plenty of food. Raven grew angry with his other son-in-law, and kicked him out of the house. After that they lived well again. That's all.

Told in the village of Ka'vran.

134. Big-Raven and Big-Crab.*

It was at the time when Big-Raven (Quskı'lnaku) lived. His wife was Miti'; his eldest son, Eme'mqut; his second son, Kotxama'mtilqa'n; his eldest daughter, Sŭ'na-ñe'ut; his second daughter, Añ'arukla-ña'ut. His third daughter, N·a'a, was his favorite. Miti''s brother was named Cici'lxan; her sister, La'ki. They all lived together.

Big-Raven went along the coast, and saw Crab (A'vva) lying on the sand. At first he thought it was a flock of geese; but soon he was sure it was Crab. Then he began to sing, "O Crab! You have slept long enough. Now it is time for you to wake up. I am very hungry. When the tide comes, take me on your back; take me to your land; give me plenty to eat." — "All right!" said Crab.

He took him on his back, and carried him down into the depths of the sea. There Big-Raven was fed with dried seal-meat that was harder than dry wood. Crab's sons said, "Do not give him any water to drink. Let him tell us what brides may be had at his house." They dried up the river, so that he could get no water to drink. Big-Raven awoke, and wished to drink,

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but there was no water. Then he sang, "Just as we are living now, the same kind of life shall people lead in future times. The people will give their daughters to be married. My elder daughter, Sŭ'na-ñe'ut, is now sitting complacently looking at her reflection in the water-hole, and I am dying from thirst."

Then they let fall a single drop of water on the tip of his tongue. After a while he sang again, "Just as we are living now, the same kind of life shall people lead in future times. Daughters shall be given in marriage. My second daughter, Aña'rukla-ña'ut, is sitting now over a water-hole, and I am dying from thirst."

Then they let fall another drop of water on the tip of his tongue. After a while he sang again, "Just as we are living now, the same kind of life shall people lead in future times. Daughters shall be given in marriage. My youngest daughter, N'a'a, is looking at her reflection in the water-hole, and my throat is parched from fiery thirst."

Then they let the river flow. Big-Raven drank his fill, and took along a bucket of water. Then Crab carried him back to his house.

On the next day three seamen came to get the brides. Two of the girls staid in the house; but the mother hid the youngest one deep in the cellar, and put her inside of a sleeping-room with a threefold cover. The eldest guest hugged Sŭ'na-ñe'ut, and in a moment a baby began to cry inside of one of the legs of her breeches. Then Sŭ'na-ñe'ut said, "Rip open my breeches, and take out the baby. It will be stifled in there." The second guest did the same with Aña'rukla-ña'ut. The third one had no bride. He could not sleep because he felt so lonesome. About midnight he observed the old woman stealing out, carrying food in a basket. He followed quietly, and, after the woman had come back, he arose, and felt about with his hands until he found the door. He entered the cellar, and found the girl, who immediately was delivered of a daughter.

After a while Big-Raven said, "You have staid here long enough. It is time for you to take your wives to your own country." The seamen went, and Raven's sons followed. After a while Raven's sons married among the Sea people, and brought their wives to their own country. Now they began to live happily, and left off quarrelling among themselves. That's all.

Told in the village of Seda'nka.

135. Sŭ'na-ñe'ut and her Goose-Husband.*

A party of geese came to a lake. They had fine broods of young goslings. When the autumn came, the geese wished to fly away. All the goslings took wing, except one that was unable to fly. The other geese waited a while for it. At last the ice began to cover the sea, and the geese flew away.

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They kept their eyes straight ahead of them, as they did not wish to look back and see the poor gosling that was left behind. Goose-Boy remained alone on the lake, and sang, "Ah! I have no wings, and I am left behind because I am unable to fly." A Fox walked along the shore, and, hearing the song, went nearer. "Why are you crying so piteously?" — "I am crying because I am left alone." — "Come nearer; swim to the shore. I will take care of you." — "I am afraid you will eat me." — "Don't worry about that. When the lake freezes, I shall eat you, just the same."

Big-Raven was flying about. "What is it crying there so bitterly?" said he. "Let me have a look at it." After he had seen the gosling, he went back to his house, and said to Miti', "Call your eldest daughter, Sŭ'na-ñe'ut." Miti' thought, "Certainly he wants to blight her life again." Nevertheless, she called her. "There on the lake," he said, "a Goose-Boy has been left alone. Will you bring him home and take care of him?" — "Oh!" she said, "you are at it again. You want to utterly blight my life!" — "Nay," says he. "If you are a brave girl, you will get along very well."

Sŭ'na-ñe'ut took the gosling. In due time spring came, and Goose-Boy grew large, and began to fly about in search of food. Sŭ'na-ñe'ut, however, ate by herself, feeding on meat. Her Goose husband was absent for a long time, and Sŭ'na-ñe'ut began to worry. She went out of the house and looked in all directions. At last she laid two eggs, which she ate immediately. After that the geese arrived, and the Goose-Man flew to meet them. The first-comers were no relatives of his, but the next were his parents. They were very angry with their daughter-in-law because she had eaten the eggs, and therefore they flew away, leaving her behind. She tried to follow; but her short wings proved too weak. Then the Goose people flew upwards, and Sŭ'na-ñe'ut was left down here.

Told in the village of Seda'nka.

136. Raven's Quest of a Bride for Eme'mqut.*

It was at the time when Raven (Qutq) and his wife were living. They went to gather stone-pine nuts. He said, "Let us call to each other, 'Iho!'" They called to each other from a distance. Raven called, "Miti'!" and she answered, "Iho!" He was pleased with his idea, and said, "Now let us call to each other with a repeated call." Again he called, "Miti'!" and she answered, "Ihoho!" He was pleased with that still more, and said, "Let us call to each other with a thrice-repeated call." She was tired, and when he called again, "Miti'!" she answered "Ihohoho!" but in a very angry voice. Raven felt annoyed, and, transforming himself into a raven, flew away.

He came to a village, and alighted on a big tree. A girl passed by,

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and said, "There is that miserable bird! Why does it come here?" Raven said nothing. Another girl passed by. "Oh!" she said, "this poor bird has come here again!" and she fed it with scraps of meat and with crumbs of pudding. After that Raven went home, and, meeting Eme'mqut, he said to him, "I have found a good bride for you. Go and choose for yourself. Take the pleasant one, but leave the one that is cross-tempered."

Eme'mqut transformed himself into a raven, and flew to the village. He also alighted on a tree. One girl passed by, and said, "There is that miserable bird again!" He let her go by. The other girl said, "There is that poor bird again!" and fed it with meat and pudding. Eme'mqut dropped down from the tree, and caught the girl. In the next moment a small child was heard crying in her arms.

They went home. Raven whistled, and several reindeer came to him one by one. Some were spotted; others were black; still others, pure white. He gave the spotted ones to his son, and the white ones to his daughter-in-law. The black ones he drove himself. They arrived at their house. Eme'mqut said to his mother, "Mother, I have brought a young bride. Kick the walls of the house [to make it larger]!" Miti' kicked and pushed the walls, and the house became larger. After that they lived well, and so they still live, even at the present time. That's all.

Told in the village of Seda'nka.

137. Kutq's Daughters.*

Two daughters of Raven (Kutq) found a whale, and entered its body. Then they began to float on the sea with the whale. After a long time they drifted ashore. The younger one was sleeping. The elder one came out, and, walking along the shore, began to gather willow-herb (*Epilobium angustifolium*). She brought back what she had gathered, and put it under the pillow of her sister. Then the latter dreamed. "Oh!" she said, "I dreamed I was eating willow-herb." — "Well," said the other, "look under your pillow." The younger one looked under her pillow, and found the willow-herb and various kinds of leaves and grasses.

They went out and walked along the shore. Close by was a village of the people of that country. The elder sister said, "I shall be married there. I shall transform you into a she-bear, and leave you here. When a suitor comes to take you, you must refuse him. The last to come will be the worst of all. He will carry a spear of shell. That one you must allow to take you." She transformed her into a she-bear, and tied her to a tree. Then she went to the village. Immediately she was married there. Then she said, "Down on the coast is still another girl." All the young men of

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the village went to look for her; but the she-bear reared on her hind-legs, and allowed no one to approach.

The last one to come, the worst of all, who carried a spear of shell, this one she permitted to approach, and, lifting her left paw, caused him to spear her. When he skinned the body, she turned into her former self, and he took her to the village. That's all.

Told in the village of Seda'nka.

138. The Girls and the Bears.*

A brother and a sister lived together. The brother made arrows. They were most beautifully made. He would not allow his sister to look while he was at work. He would say to her, "Do not look at my arrows! Your looking at them will cause them to break." His sister could not help looking at the arrows: so he pushed her, and she fell off from their pile-house. She lost her way in the thick underbrush, and at last came to a bear-den. A Bear-Girl came out, and jumped for joy, because she regarded the stranger as a new companion. She caught with her teeth the edge of the new-comer's coat, and even bit her several times as a sign of welcome.

The old She-Bear also came out. "Leave her alone!" she said. "You have torn her coat to pieces. Let her come into the house." The girl entered, and sat down to mend her coat. The old She-Bear looked on, and thought, "She sews very well. She is a good worker." Then she said, "My sons will come soon. Hide yourself. They are fierce, and they might do you harm." Then the girl hid herself. In a short time five young Bears came into the house.

"Oh, oh!" they said, "there is a woman smell here!" — "Nay!" said the mother. "You roam everywhere, smelling all kinds of odors: then you come home and ask about the smells. Take your supper and go to sleep." They tossed some fat salmon-heads to their sister. "Pick out the gristle!" Bear-Girl began to pick out the salmon-gristle; and the stranger stealthily helped her with her work. After supper the Bear-Men went to sleep. Then the old She-Bear said to her guest, "Now begone: otherwise they may find you in the morning." The girl stepped off quietly. About midnight the old She-Bear awakened her youngest son, and said to him, "You really ought not to sleep so soundly. While you were sleeping, a nice girl came to the house, and now she has gone again. She would have made a good bride for you. Go and try to bring her back."

The young Bear ran in pursuit; but the girl was already approaching her village. The people came out to meet her, and, seeing a bear following her, shot him with an arrow. The girl skinned the carcass; and as soon as the

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skin was off, a nice young man came out and wooed the girl. It was Eme'mqut. He married the girl.

Now, the girl had a female cousin who was good for nothing. This cousin envied the good fortune of the exile. She also had a brother who made arrows, and forbade her to look at them. She looked on, notwithstanding; but the arrows did not break. Then she took them, and broke them with her hands. Still her brother did not push her, and she had to jump down from their pile-house of her own free will.

After long wandering through the forest, she also found the bear-den. Bear-Girl came out, and tugged at her coat. "Oho!" she said, "see how she has torn my coat! See what damage she has done!" The old She-Bear requested her to enter. She sat down to mend her coat. The old She-Bear saw that she was very unskilful with her needle. The Bear-Men came, and the She-Bear told the guest to hide herself. At first she refused to obey; but Bear-Woman finally persuaded her to accept her advice. At last the Bear-Men went to sleep. The old She-Bear said, "Now begone!" The girl went out, but slammed the door, crying aloud, "I am going away!" Then the She-Bear began to think, "This one is really too bad!" She did not awaken any of her children. A big shaggy dog lay on the flat roof of the house, and the She-Bear told him to follow the girl. The dog followed. The girl came to the village, shouting, "A bridegroom is following me!" They came out and killed the dog. On skinning his body, nothing happened, and the dog's carcass remained a simple carcass. That's all.

Told in the village of Seda'nka.

139. How Kutq jumped into a Whale.*

Raven (Kutq) walked along the sand-spit, and found a small seal. He said, "If you were a good find, you would not be so far from the water;" and he pushed it back into the sea with his toe. Then he walked on, and found a spotted-seal. "If you were a good catch, you would not lie so far from the water." After that he found a big ground-seal, and treated it in the same manner. Then he did the same with a white-whale, and with an old bowhead-whale. At last he found a finback-whale, and then he said, "This is a good thing." He shouted to the people of the village, "I have found a whale!" Then the Koryak reindeer-breeders were seen hurrying to the whale from various directions. They had large knives. Raven was so frightened that he jumped into the mouth of the whale-carcass. He found there plenty of oil, and, filling his mouth with it, he jumped out and flew away. A Fox woman saw him, and asked, "From where are you?" — "Yum, yum,"[1] replied

[1] Yu'kyuñ — the whale. Raven tried to say, "From the whale," without opening his mouth.

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Raven. "What did you say?" — "From the whale!" As soon as he said so, the oil dropped down from his mouth, and fell on the Fox's back. "That is good," said the Fox. "I also have received some oil." She wrung her coat dry, and filled a large wooden trough with oil. Raven also stored the remaining oil. Then the Fox made a cake of all kinds of berries, and sent it to Raven to show her gratitude, and by way of payment. With it, however, she killed him.[1] That's all.

Told in the village of Seda'nka.

[1] Evidently by poison mixed with berries.

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XV. — CHARACTERISTICS OF KORYAK MYTHS

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The general features of Koryak mythology have been discussed in Chapter VII (pp. 115 et seq.). In general character the mythology of the Koryak, Kamchadal, and Chukchee shows many similarities.

COMPARISON WITH KAMCHADAL MYTHOLOGY. — All that we know of the Kamchadal mythology from Steller,[1] and from the Kamchadal myths given in Chapter XIV, leads to the conclusion that the Koryak and the Kamchadal had one and the same folk-lore. Steller relates only two complex myths, — one containing the story of Kutq's adventures with the mice, and the other telling of his love-affair with Excrement-Woman. The former myth will also be found among the Kamchadal tales in this book,[2] and both tales occur among the Koryak myths.[3] Besides, when summing up the general characteristics of Kamchadal mythology, Steller says that the entire folk-lore of the Kamchadal consisted of indecent tales about their god Kutq (Raven), as Steller calls the founder of the Kamchadal world. In this respect Kamchadal mythology corresponds closely to that of the Koryak, and forms a clearly defined cycle, consisting exclusively of raven myths. It may therefore be stated without hesitation that whatever is true of Koryak folk-lore is just as true of that of the Kamchadal.

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Steller also mentions three separate episodes from tales about Kutq which he had heard told. In the first of these episodes, Kutq's gluttony is described. He reaches a river, and sees the ground on the opposite bank covered with berries. Being unable to cross the river, he cuts off his own head, and throws it across, so that it may eat the berries.[4] The second episode, which is illustrative of the concupiscence of Kutq (who tried to have sexual intercourse with all objects that he met), relates that he once found a valved shell on the seashore, with which he had intercourse. The valves closed, and cut off his penis.[5] This calls to mind the tales about the vagina armed with teeth. The third episode, which reflects the coarse tendency of the Koryak imagination in general, tells how Kutq once took Chāchȳ (thus Steller calls Raven's wife) for an underground house, her vulva for the entrance-opening, and her anus for the underground passage of the ancient Kamchadal house, which was used for a draught.[6] He entered the house through the vulva, found the liver, and was about to take it, when it began to move. Then he became frightened, and ran out of the underground house.[7] In the Koryak tale, Big-Raven entered Miti''s anus as though it were the entrance to an underground house.[8]

[1] Steller, pp. 253-284.
[2] Tale 131 (p. 329).
[3] Tales 88, 121, 130 (pp. 260, 316, 324).
[4] Steller, p. 262.
[5] Ibid., p. 263.
[6] See pp. 14, 53; Steller, p. 272.
[7] Steller, p. 263.
[8] Tale 23 (p. 169).

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It is important to point out here some peculiarities of the present Kamchadal myths as compared with those related by Steller, and with the Koryak myths. In the myths collected by Mr. Bogoras, adventures are ascribed to Kutq and to members of his family, which, among the Koryak, are told about kalau.[1] For instance, in one tale[2] Miti' cuts off her nose and lips, and catches the mice which are in her light; but the Fox sets the mice free, and finally kills Miti' by throwing her down a rock. In Koryak tales[3] all this is told with reference to a kala-woman. I am inclined to attribute this divergence to the effect of Russian influence. The Kamchadal adopted Christianity long ago, and in a certain sense they are devout Christians, while the Russian priests constantly try to persuade the natives of Siberia who have been converted to Christianity that their former gods are devils and evil spirits. Thus, the Yukaghir of the upper Kolyma, in my presence, called their ancient guardian-idol, which was hanging in the woods, "Satan;" and the scaffold graves of their ancestors, and those above ground, which they used to worship, the Russianized Yukaghir of the Lower Kolyma now call "the graves of the perished (могилы пропащихъ)," an expression which is otherwise applied to animals only; and they remained quite indifferent when I proceeded to open those graves.[4]

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Comparison with Chukchee Mythology. — The relation of the Koryak folk-lore to that of the Chukchee is somewhat different from its relation to the Kamchadal folk-lore. As may be seen from the publications of Mr. Bogoras,[5] the influence of the Eskimo myths upon Chukchee folk-lore was greater than that upon Koryak folk-lore; and the cycle of raven myths is therefore less preponderant than that of the Koryak. Big-Raven and Raven-Man of the Koryak are merged into one person named Ku'rkil (Raven); and the Creator of the Koryak myths, identified among the Koryak with Big-Raven, appears among the Chukchee (with the exception of the passages enumerated before)[6] as a being independent of Ku'rkil, but the same as the Supreme Being. From this we may draw the conclusion that the raven of the Chukchee, owing, perhaps, to the effect of their contact with the Eskimo, has lost its place as the ancestor of the tribe, and remains merely a hero of the animal epos. On the other hand, the Chukchee have retained more cosmogonic tales about the raven than the Koryak, which, however, might be explained by the fact that Koryak folk-lore is on the decline. Incidents of maritime life, which are very prominent in the Koryak myths, are even more prevalent in those of the Chukchee, where they assume a coloring of Eskimo life.

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[1] Tales 32, 56, 79, 112 (pp. 181, 212, 246, 402).

[2] Tale 131 (p. 331).

[3] Tales 32, 56 (pp. 181, 212).

[4] It must be noted here that in one Koryak tale of Kamenskoye (Tale 108, p. 295), Big-Raven's son, Emo'mqut, appears as a cannibal in the same manner as the monster gormandizer of Tale 112, p. 302. This may also be ascribed to Russian influence.

[5] Chukchee Materials, Introductory; Anthropologist, pp. 682, 683.

[6] See p. 17.